AT HOME WITH MAURICE

● Great excitement the day Maurice Gibb invited Fab 208 readers to have a sneak look at his latest London home! (His fifth in 18 months.)

It's tucked away in a quiet little street in exclusive Belgravia—just two doors away from actress Margaret Rutherford. And three doors away from his local pub.

The house is really two houses joined together, but Maurice was quick to explain he hadn't had time to decorate one house the way he wanted it yet. (He's only been able to live at home for one month out of the five he's been renting it.)

Maurice shares his plush pad (rent—£80-weekly) with a white-haired Spanish nobleman, Aston de Belous de Maurice.

Aston is his best friend—a champion-bred Pyrenean Mountain Dog that's closely related to Barry Gibb's Barnaby.

As we were ushered in the Bee Gee's front room, Aston appeared and bounced about like a big woolly rug.

He was quickly banished to his very own room in the basement. Maurice explained that his pet was only 5½ months old—and not yet housetrained.

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In fact, there are two loves in Maurice's life. The other is his car, a velvet green Rolls-Royce which cost him £7,000.

There is also another dog, a black-and-white pooch that's practically as tall as Maurice and always sticks out a red, felt tongue.

Maurice bought this giant toy in America. It permanently guards Maurice's bedroom, which has wood panelled walls. Besides photographs, the only bright colour in this room is a brilliant turquoise bedspread.

Aston eats in his room: 4lb. of best chopped steak a day and lots of boiled fish. And Maurice's assistant, Barry, looks after Aston's meals—and Aston himself when Maurice is abroad.

Maurice doesn't eat at home often, he said, although he has a very modern kitchen and cosy dining room in the basement, he prefers to eat out with friends.

When the boys are in London, Maurice's home is "open house" to all his closest friends, the other Bee Gees and, of course, Lulu. And when they're around, he entertains them with home-made movies he makes in an attic studio with a video-tape.

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This is a device, mainly used in TV studios, where you can record cine film and music simultaneously—and play it back almost immediately on the telly.

Maurice showed us some of the tapes he had recorded the previous night.

There was one of him wearing dark glasses (and looking strangely like Brian Jones of The Rolling Stones) miming *Hey Jude*.

And another of actor Victor Spinetti doing an impersonation of John Lennon, miming to an old Beatle record from *A Hard Day's Night*.

But when Maurice is not watching his home-made movies, or looking after the dogs, or the telly, or listening to his hundreds of pop music tapes, or entertaining friends with typical Bee Gee jokes, he works in his study.

Typing with two fingers, he is currently working on a wild script about Beethoven. BEETHOVEN? Well, it's a story about Beethoven returning to live in 1968.

I can't tell you what it's all about because I promised to keep it very, very hush-hush, but like all comedy the Bee Gees write, it's certain to be one great, big larf.

CAMILLA JOHNSTON